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## The Old Year and the New.

On Time's gray-capped mountain brow,  
Where the Past and Future meet to form  
An arch of crystal adamant, last night,  
The weary, sad Old Year, bowed down  
With care and journeying, stood alone, waiting to greet  
The rosy-crowned New Year, now tripping o'er the snow;

The midnight stars shone brightly there!  
As bright as when a buoyant-hearted youth,  
With hope and joy attendant, he viewed  
His smiling realm of earth; little dreaming  
The rosy light was but the mirage  
In life's drear desert waste. Ah, since then  
Experience had brought him its bitter  
Draught, and exulting that he should quaff,  
What erst he would not gaze, she dashed  
Each empty goblet at his feet, to mark his course  
By reality's stern knowledge.

And why thus bowed, as if weary from a load  
Of care? Ah, as he stood beside the sons of earth,  
And journeyed with them o'er each glade  
Of sorrow, as well as o'er each smiling vale of joy,  
Did he not kiss the tears from eyes  
He knew should weep e'en tears more bitter?  
And tho' he spoke of Hope, did he not know  
'Twas but the wreathing smile upon the lips  
Of the thunder-cloud's dread form, ere they part  
With the fiery breath that rives  
The stubborn oak?  
Ah, the joys of earth are like its sorrows,  
Heart-wasting, e'en as the breaths  
Of Sol and Boreas affect alike the fragile leaf,  
That lies supinely 'neath their power.

He saw the precious gifts, to many brought,  
Cast aside; or, sadder still, buried deep  
Beneath the perverted soil of passion!  
He passed by cheerful homes, so like  
The bright bowers above. As he paused,  
E'en loth to leave behind spots so tranquilly fair,  
Did he not hear the roaring of the wind,  
As it sighed a dreadful dirge upon the gale?  
And, as he passed by, so noiselessly,  
Did not his wings quench lamps,  
That never, nevermore might be rekindled  
Within those chambers—aye, the deep chambers  
Of the heart?

And thus, thus saddened; bowed  
With true sympathetic grief, for lots  
'Twas not his power to brighten, he stood alone, and  
cast

A retrospective glance o'er the long  
Checkerboard pathway he had pressed;  
Many who had greeted him, when young and fair,  
Might not say that night: "Dear Old Year, farewell!"  
No, alas! those lips are silent now within  
Chambers, whose walls can give back  
No answering echo!  
And as he counted the moon-lit arched mounds,  
That marked each foot-print, o'er which  
Remembrance bowed, to hold her loved and lonely  
Vigil, "Oh," he cried, in bitterness, "what have I  
brought

To man, of joy?" But hark! a song from earth  
Floats on the ebon wing of night, and  
In wild beseeching tones, call the Old Year back!  
Come back, thy tears are dearer far, and brighter  
Than stranger's smiles!

The New Year comes, but can he bring  
What thou hast given? In sorrow and in joy

Thou art still dear. Naught from thy hand  
Was given but what should lead us up  
To that bright realm not spanned by years.  
But oh, thou canst not return! Then, farewell,  
Old Year, and as we greet the New Year's smile,  
We'll listen to thy whisper, and shun  
The paths that lead to sorrow and to care!

H. M.

## The Mountains.

DEAR SCHOLASTIC: We have gone together over  
the railways, down the river, and through the  
land of cotton, and now we go among the moun-  
tains; we have seen the beautiful, and now we  
come to contemplate the grand. It was moon-  
light as we approached Huntsville, Ala., and  
caught the first glimpse of the blue Cumberland  
Mountains, looming in peaceful grandeur beyond  
the city. Those only who have thus looked for  
the first time upon the everlasting hills will be able  
to appreciate my emotions as we glided rapidly to-  
wards the mountains on that glorious evening. After  
our arrival, and when the town was hushed in slum-  
ber, it seemed the sublime privilege of a life-time to  
walk out into the quiet and gaze upon that land-  
scape of mountain and city bathed in the clear,  
soft, southern moonlight. I saw more imposing  
mountains afterward, and may yet see the finest on  
the continent, or in the world: but none can ever  
awake such feelings as were called up by those  
mountains that evening at Huntsville; for among  
all the mountains, the Cumberland are my first  
love.

Huntsville itself is the handsomest town on the  
Memphis and Charleston Railway; indeed, one  
need not look anywhere, north or south, for a more  
finely located, cleanly, healthful, and altogether  
charming little city. Here I had the pleasure of  
meeting Father Baasen, brother of my most  
esteemed friend and fellow-laborer, Prof. M. A. J.  
Baasen. Father Baasen has resided in Huntsville  
for ten years, and of course knows every point of  
interest. We were accordingly most happy when  
he volunteered to walk with us over the city and  
down to the magnificent spring which I have already  
mentioned. I need not say that we found him a  
most intelligent and agreeable companion, full of  
anecdote and information concerning his favorite  
city. The city is built upon limestone rock, and  
one would think it should be built of the same ma-  
terial; but the only stone structure we saw was  
the beautiful new Catholic church, of solid cut  
stone. When finished, this will be the finest church  
in northern Alabama. Bidding adieu to our re-  
verend friend, who seemed as pleased to have met  
us as we him, we prepared regretfully to leave  
the beautiful city. As we passed down the gently  
inclining streets, our senses were delighted with the  
beauty and fragrance of the many flower gardens  
and the rich foliage of the still green trees. The  
generous heart of a hospitable matron melted in  
compassion on seeing two forlorn members of the  
party gazing wistfully at her magnificent flowers,  
and though we dared to ask but for one, she gave  
us an armful. As it was then winter with you,  
dear Canadian and Michigander readers, you may,

perhaps, faintly throb with our joy as we marched  
into the cars laden with our lovely load.

Leaving Huntsville, we plunged at once into the  
mountains. Intermingled with their bold projec-  
tions were many charming valleys in which the  
soil seemed even richer than on the plains west of  
Huntsville. But the country grows rapidly rougher,  
and these valleys become less frequent; the train  
seeming to wind about the hills, first to find an en-  
trance and then to find an exit, while the bold  
ranges tower above us on either side. A pictur-  
esque sight it was to watch the cloud-shadows on  
the sides and summits of the mountains. The same  
shadows are of course formed every day on the  
level ground; but here they were, as it were, held  
up to our view afar off, with the eternal hills for  
background, and doubtless distance as well as  
mountain "lent enchantment to the view."

It would startle a rider on our prairie railroads  
to see the heavy grades which are made among  
these mountains. Up grade, the engine toils with  
a "desperate endeavor" to reach the highest point;  
then, the steam shut off, it lets go and plunges  
down the other side with fearful rapidity. On one  
of those thundering, steamless down-grades, I ven-  
tured to do what no naughty boy would or should  
do, and what I dared not do, only that a member  
of Congress and a famous literary personage, be-  
sides many wise editors, set the example, that is, I  
rode upon the cow-catcher. For five miles with  
three others, I led that train, nothing but the  
point of the catcher before us, while the train  
came after with amazing speed, and everything  
else shot behind with even greater haste. The  
indulgent conductor had assured us that we should  
be safe if we held on well and no cow came on our  
catcher. As we did so, and the cow didn't so, we  
came off safe; but it was a fearful, though fasci-  
nating, ride, and I did not care to repeat it.

We passed through this part of Alabama on elec-  
tion day, and it was gratifying to see white and  
black voting peacefully together in the little out-of-  
the-way mountain towns. The fact is there is not  
half so much trouble down South as most people  
imagine. One party will have it that the whites  
are in danger from the blacks; and the other, that  
the blacks are afraid of the whites. The truth is  
that everybody in "Dixie," white, black, emigrant  
and native, is getting along pretty well, much bet-  
ter indeed than the world could once be induced  
to hope, and therefore much better than the world  
can now be made to believe.

It was again glorious moonlight as we approached  
Chattanooga, and again in purple mist the peaceful  
mountains loomed beyond. From the Tennessee  
at Bridgeport to the Tennessee at Chattanooga the  
scenery is rough, wild and grand, and when Look-  
out range and, at length, the famed Lookout Moun-  
tain itself rise on the view, the effect is indeed  
magnificent.

Chattanooga is nestled in the heart of the moun-  
tains, having Lookout range on the west, Mission  
Ridge on the south, and some low hills on the east,  
while the crooked Tennessee winds about on the  
north. There is barely room for the large city  
which is destined to fill up the little valley, barely  
room and nothing more. This, and not At-

lanta, is the real Gate City of the South. Through it New York must pass to New Orleans, and through it must Chicago pass to Savannah. Add to this that all these mountains are full of coal and iron, besides copper and other minerals, and it needs no prophet to predict the greatness of Chattanooga. The city now claims 12,000 inhabitants; but the census, which has brought so many cities to their senses, will probably reduce this to eight or nine thousand. It is a city of live men who know its advantages and who are ready to profit by them. By far the foremost of these men are General Wilder, of cavalry fame, a former Indianan, who is at the head of the "Roane Iron Company," and Mr. Stanton, Superintendent of the Alabama and Chattanooga Railway. General Wilder, is a fine looking man, of noble bearing and generous heart, with that deep, dark eye, so gentle in friendship but so terrible in anger. Of such men there cannot be too many, they are the backbone of the new South.

On invitation of Mr. Stanton, we passed down the Alabama and Chattanooga Railway as far as Attala, Alabama. This road and the country through which it passes, rival those of northern Alabama and reminded us more of home than any others we had seen; many pronounced this the most enjoyable day of the whole trip. The country is rather new, but exceedingly charming, with its sunny hills and valleys, and its comfortable home-like appearance.

Land here is still very cheap, from two to ten dollars an acre, and many new towns are starting into being. Everything North and South can be produced here, fruit, grain, cotton, cattle, etc., while the market is unsurpassed, and the neighboring hills are full of coal and iron. It is, indeed, a magnificent country.

The next day we climbed Lookout, that is, I and a few others did, for we thought it unseemly to ride up in a shabby Chattanooga vehicle where Hooker's heroes fought up. How they did fight their way up that mountain will be a standing wonder to the end of time; to attempt it was the sheer madness of inspired patriotism. We went by the smooth carriage road up one side of the mountain, far off from the rough road of glory up which the soldiers came. On the summit we were surprised to find hotels and private houses, also a college; many persons resorting here for the mountain air which is a sovereign remedy for consumption and other diseases. The view from the "Point" I will not attempt to describe. Suffice it to say, that the mountains of seven states are in sight, that one can see across Tennessee into Kentucky, across North Carolina into Virginia, and across Georgia into South Carolina. The mountain is 2,200 feet over the Tennessee which glistens like a silver thread below. Long trains of cars look ridiculously small, like children's playthings. The city is little and pretty from here, the finest buildings, as the Lookout House and the depots, seeming as card houses. A little beyond the city is the great national cemetery, with the flag floating in triumphant sorrow above the thousands of heroic dead. Still beyond, seeming quite low from here, stretches the endless line of Mission Ridge. One could fancy the long army, charging up that huge natural breastwork, Sherman on the far left, Thomas in the centre, and Hooker on the right, hesitating, halting, driven back, rallying, advancing, until they mount the summit, and the gate of the South is opened. But I must hasten down and home.

That evening we were off to Atlanta, our route lined with historical landmarks, for every station bore the name of one of Sherman's battles. The hills continue all the way, and northern Georgia, though exceedingly healthful, bears the stigma of being a barren land. Atlanta is a very busy city, a southern Chicago, all its buildings so new that the mortar seems scarcely dry. But it is not a

handsome town, not well laid out. It grows, and grows, and grows, and is very well able to take care of itself. It is, in fact, a great city without anything to make it great,—except live men. I very much prefer Chattanooga. From here we were invited to take a free ride to Savannah and through Florida. This was tempting us almost beyond our strength, but home triumphed—and we came home, *via* Chattanooga, Nashville and Louisville.

Our warmest thanks are due to all the generous southern railroads, and to their gentlemanly officers. They did everything that we could desire for our convenience and enjoyment; and it gives me pleasure to state, that it is quite as agreeable to ride upon those roads as upon our own. They are the Mobile and Ohio, Memphis and Charleston, Alabama and Chattanooga, Western and Atlantic, Nashville and Chattanooga, and Louisville and Nashville.

Nashville is a quiet old city, but Louisville is one of the first cities of the Union, full of vigorous enterprise. The great bridge over the Ohio, at Louisville is the most stupendous human work that I ever looked upon. It is over a mile long, and at its highest point 400 feet over the river. At Louisville, I was happy to meet that good youth, Jacob Eisenman. At Chattanooga I had already seen Frank Upman, a Junior of other days who would be a fine Senior if here now.

In conclusion, should any one be seeking a fertile land and a delightful climate, let him not forget Corinth, Miss., Northern Alabama, Chattanooga, and the beautiful country down the Alabama road and Chattanooga. H.

### Correspondance Scientifique---No. III.

CAMP NEAR FLAT ROCK, Dec. 17, 1870.

*My Dear Sir:* One of the best methods of spending a rainy day in camp is by engaging in a "Watch Race." All the corps wind up their watches together and put on their Regulators as fast as they dare. They then sit down patiently and watch who comes out ahead at the end of the day. The fastest watch sometimes busts up by having the regulator injudiciously put on too fast, so that you never can be sure of the result till the end of the day, and it affords you a constant source of mild excitement without much exertion. In this nasty old month there are many days on which work is impossible. The weather is not quite so chilly as in your shivery old State, but the Missourians become so enervated by their hot summer weather that they never think of washing their hands without gloves in winter. The work of locating the line of the Z. and A. R.R., progresses slowly, as when you think you have everything nicely fixed the Chief Engineer, General Noosons, rides down the line and upsets everything. I met a fellow-countryman the other day. It was at the Hot Springs. I asked the name of a creek that flowed near by. He told me it was the "Hotter." "What!" exclaimed I, "is it possible that the caloric of a stream exposed to the refrigerating influences of the atmosphere should exceed—" "You mistake," interrupted he; "this 'ere creek 'as nothing to do with the hatmosphere. It is called the Hotter after a hamphibious hanimal 'unted by the Hindians." I clasped his hand in silence. Other varieties of the Caucasian race have we here, from various parts, which may be distinguished as follows:

Introduce the prairie as a topic of conversation in a company of mixed origin, and you will find the word pronounced either elliptically, as "pra'ie," or mathematically, as "par-area," or hard-shell-baptistically, as "prayer-ah!" or classically and aeronautically, as "per-aëra," or aristocratically and flightily, as "peer-airy," or pussicategorically, as "purr-hairy."

Besides these varieties of the Caucasian, there is

the Negro race, which displays great solidarity, living by itself in a quarter of every city, called Ethiopia, or some other such expressive name. In Hardscrabble, a picturesque county-seat on the Osage, the negro quarter is called "Happy Hollow;" but whether the negroes holla because they are happy, or whether they are happy because they are hollow, or whether, since their emancipation they have discovered the hollowness of all earthly happiness, I have not been able to determine. Some of them manifest a vast amount of intelligence, rising even to what might be considered as an intuitive knowledge of the Latin language. I will give you an instance: On a cold and blustering day in the present month I asked a shivering negro, "Where do you wish you were?" Elevating his fragile form with inexpressible dignity and pathos, he stretched the index finger of his right hand towards the Sunny South, exclaiming: "*Indiri!*" Let not the sneering and captious critic here remark that he ought to have said: "*Indicari!*" The poor fellow was choked with emotion, and besides his knowledge was intuitive and gushed from the well-spring of an overflowing heart, instead of being studied from some cold grammatical formula by the tedious midnight oil.

The Howe Sewing Machine is very popular in this part of Missouri. I have not seen it, but I suspect that it is merely a mechanical invention for the benefit of inquisitive persons, to enable them to ask questions faster than tongue can tell. It should be called the How-So?-ing Machine. All they want now is a machine for giving intelligent responses. Howe is that for high?

Dame Nature, the real and original little old woman that lived in the "Shoo!" and had so many children, etc., has made the passage of a railroad in the vicinity of Flat Rock considerable of an enterprise—blast it!—the rock, I mean, not the enterprise. Did you ever reflect that the story of Captain Cook's massacre at the Sandwich Islands was merely a myth? The fact is that the consumption of sandwiches was at one time so general as to threaten the discontinuance of "square meals." The Cook's occupation was gone and he was figuratively said to have been slain by sandwiches. Hence the curious historical mistake. S.

### Acknowledgment.

The officers of the University gratefully acknowledge the kind favor conferred by the Superintendent and directors of the L. S. and M. S. R. R., in providing a special train for the exclusive accommodation of those of our students, and of the pupils of St. Mary's who were going home to spend the Christmas holidays. They likewise tender their sincere thanks to the kind-hearted conductor of that train, whose polite attentions rendered the trip more of a pleasure excursion than a simple journey.

W. CORBY, S. S. C.,  
Pres. of the University.

### Answer to an Inquiry from the Coming Man.

"YOUNG AUTHOR."—Yes, Agassiz *does* recommend authors to eat fish, because the phosphorus in it makes brains. So far you are correct. But I cannot help you to a decision about the amount you need to eat—at least, not with certainty. If the specimen composition you send is about your fair usual average, I should judge that perhaps a couple of whales would be all you would want for the present. Not the largest kind, but simply good, middling-sized whales.—*Mark Twain for the Galaxy.* Bring on your codfish after that.

"WHAT ails your eye, Joe?" "I told a man he lied."

## The Middle Ages.

A LECTURE DELIVERED BEFORE THE ST.  
EDWARD'S LITERARY ASSOCIATION,  
MARCH 15, 1869.

BY M. B. B.

[CONTINUED.]

### V.—INVENTIONS.

To understand, properly, the value of that active energy, manifested in the Inventions of the Middle Ages, we must remark that the *original* invention of any useful article is incalculably more valuable, as a test of intellectual power and fertility, than hundreds of subsequent improvements derived from it, though these may have multiplied, a hundred fold, its utility. Bearing in mind this reflection, the justice of which it needs no learned arguments to prove, and, remembering the very scanty material which the intellect of the Middle Ages had to work upon, let us take a glance at a few of its most important triumphs in this sphere.

First among the creations of mediæval genius, which exercised a wide and powerful influence upon society, may justly be ranked the invention of the art of Printing. The germ of this invaluable invention was first developed in the tenth century.\* Impressions were taken from plates, on which the matter to be printed had been previously engraved, or from moveable types, made of wood, ivory or metal, and arranged in the same manner in which the modern compositor arranges them. This method of printing, called *chyrotypography*, or printing by hand, though an extremely slow process, continued in use till the early part of the fifteenth century, when Guttenburgh, of Mentz, in 1436, gave immense value to this prime invention, by his supplementary invention of the printing press, by means of which copies of any work might be multiplied at pleasure, and with comparatively little labor. When we consider the influence of the Printing Press upon the diffusion of knowledge, and, consequently, upon civilization and enlightenment, we cannot be too grateful to those "ignorant" and "benighted" ages, that, from their *darkness*, sent forth a ray of light which is our proudest boast.

But the rate at which books were multiplied after the invention of the press, created a demand for material different from the parchment then in use. Here, again, the *sleepy* intellect of the Middle Ages provided for the new want, by the invention of paper. As early as the tenth century, paper, manufactured from cotton, was used in Italy, and employed, instead of parchment, for purposes of transcription by the monks; while paper made from linen was used in the same way in the fourteenth century. Hallam even traces it back to eleventh century. Thus the material on which we write and print books, was rendered so cheap as to be within the reach of everyone, and, in this way, promoted the extension of Literature and the diffusion of knowledge.

The lovers of music also owe a debt of gratitude to the Middle Ages. The invention of the gamut or musical scale, and the first reduction of that delightful art to system, is due to Guido, of Arezzo, an Italian monk, of the twelfth century. He also invented several musical instruments.

While speaking of music, it may be well to state that organs were either invented or, at least, introduced into Europe in the eighth century.

The next invention which exercised a decided influence upon many departments of social progress, was that of the mariners compass. The precise date and author of this invention are not known; but it is mentioned by French and Italian writers of the twelfth century. In its primitive

\* See works of the Abate Ranquero.

construction, the needle was simply suspended by a thread, and thus enabled to obey the laws of magnetic attraction. Yet, it was of little avail in navigation, being so easily disturbed by the motions of the vessel, till Flavio di Gioja, in the thirteenth century, fixed it on a pivot, and thus rendered it available in the roughest sea.

This invention soon led to vast improvements in navigation; enlarged the sphere of commerce; facilitated intercourse between nations, and thus enriched the field of literature; gave a new impulse to geographical studies, and opened the way to new discoveries, among which was that of the American continent. The influence which all these increased facilities and advantages have had on modern civilization and progress, is evident to all who have thought seriously on the subject.

The invention of gunpowder, which has produced such a humanizing revolution in the mode of warfare, is due to the Middle Ages. Some attribute this invention to Roger Bacon, already mentioned, from the fact that he speaks of a "certain compound of sulphur, saltpetre and charcoal, which would imitate the sound and brilliancy of thunder and lightening." Yet, it is generally admitted that Schwartz, a monk of Cologne, was the first who actually manufactured gunpowder, about the year 1320.

Another invention, invaluable to those afflicted with near-sightedness, as I can affirm from experience, is due to Salvino, a monk of Pisa, in 1285. I refer to spectacles. Some give the credit of this invention, also, to Roger Bacon, who certainly explained the principle of the telescope, microscope and magic lantern, as may be seen in his *Opus Majus*; yet, there is no evidence that he actually applied this principle to the construction of spectacles.

I certainly hope, however, that none of my hearers will require spectacles to see the justice of the claim which those ages have upon those afflicted with short sight.

To the Middle Ages, likewise belongs the credit of having invented clocks. The time at which this valuable invention first came to light is not known with certainty, but we *do* know that clocks were in use in the twelfth century. There is also some difficulty in regard to the real inventor. Some give the honor to Gerbert, afterwards Pope Sylvester II; others to Pacificus, an Italian monk; others, still, to William, Abbot of Hirschau, in Germany. To which of these the honor belongs, is of no consequence, so far as the purpose of this lecture is concerned. It is sufficient for us to know that the invention itself belongs to the Middle Ages, and that we owe to them the satisfaction and advantage of being able, under all circumstances, to know the exact time of the day or night.

Many other original inventions and a host of useful improvements might be traced to these same *Dark Ages*. Archbishop Spaulding in his admirable essay on the Literature and Arts of the Middle Ages, mentions twenty five, and even he does not exhaust the list. But I find my lecture developing into unusual proportions, while I have yet some important matters to notice; so we will rest satisfied with those already cited, especially as they fully demonstrate the fact that genius was alive in those days, though many of its productions may have been rude and, consequently, not so useful as they have since been rendered by modern science.

### VI.—ARTS AND SCIENCES.

A consideration of the inventions of the Middle Ages, naturally leads to an inquiry into the state of the arts and sciences. To enter into a detailed account of the progressive development of the arts and sciences, during the period of which we speak, would not be consistent with the plan of this lecture, which merely purports to give a general outline of the social and intellectual status of those times; so we will be content, on this point,

with a few general observations and obvious deductions.

The arts and sciences, as we now understand those terms, were, no doubt, in a state of comparative infancy, during the Middle Ages, and their cultivation confined chiefly to the monasteries and universities—the instructions given in the other schools of the time being not only elementary, but also restricted to those branches, a knowledge of which was required in every-day life. In all these particulars the Middle Ages would certainly compare disadvantageously with our own times, when every child may acquire a tolerably fair knowledge of the leading sciences in almost any of our common schools, while the more advanced student has ample facilities in our Colleges and Universities, to soar as high as his natural talents will permit him, into the upper regions of all human knowledge. Yet the arts and sciences were not neglected in those ages, and modern science is indebted to the labors of mediæval scholars for much of its glory.

That considerable progress was made in these departments is evident from the inventions already noticed, and others which we omitted. Thus the invention of the Paschal Cycle, by Dionysius Exiguus, in the sixth century, supposes a knowledge of astronomy; the development of the principle of the telescope, etc., implies a knowledge of optics, and the laws of refraction of light by transparent bodies. The light thrown upon science by this same development, gave rise to subsequent improvements in the refractory lense, and led to the famous astronomical discoveries of Kepler, Herschel and a host of other celebrated astronomers, from the days of Copernicus and Galileo to our own time. The invention of the mariners compass argues an acquaintance with magnetism and the laws of magnetic attraction; while that of gunpowder supposes a knowledge of chemistry. The invention of type, which were at first manufactured by cutting the letters on plates or on detached pieces of wood or other material, justifies the inference that the art of engraving was not unknown in those ages, while the invention of the Printing Press supposes a knowledge of mechanics and the laws of leverage. Thus we might show the connection between the inventions and improvements produced in the Middle Ages, and the arts and sciences, a knowledge of which they necessarily imply; but I must hasten on to other considerations.

The art of painting was revived in Italy, in the thirteenth century, by Giunta, of Pisa, Guido, of Sienna, and the illustrious Cimabue of Florence. Thus were laid the foundations of that celebrated Italian school of painting, which continued to flourish and develop till it produced a Raphael, a Michael Angelo, a Titian, a Domenichino, a Hannibal Carracci, a Leonardo da Vinci and others who have shed a glory on modern art.

The art of glass-staining was carried to a high degree of perfection in the Middle Ages; so much so that all the efforts of modern science have failed to discover the secret of their superiority in this branch of art, which, unfortunately, has been lost.

This hasty sketch of the arts and sciences, as cultivated in the Middle Ages, though it might easily be extended to much greater length yet proves, sufficiently for our purpose, that our mediæval ancestors, though much inferior to ourselves in point of proficiency, nevertheless, were not at all behind us, nay, it would not be more than just to say that they were far ahead of us, in original genius and industry in applying the scanty materials which they possessed. But this will appear more fully when we come to speak of their manufactures, after we have taken a glance at the state of agriculture.

"So much for bucking 'em," as the young man said when he fought the tiger.

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## A Happy New Year!

To some of our readers New Year's day is simply a time of receiving presents, making calls, going to a good, jolly party, and falling in love for the while with the prettiest girl that happens to smile on them. Some may enjoy the 1st so well that they may feel rather blue on the 2nd, and when we wish them a Happy New Year, they take it as a happy new year's day,—one day instead of a year,—they think that we think that they ought to think a happy new year consists in a good rouse the night of the 31st, a good snooze on the morning of the 1st,—a good dinner, plenty of folks to visit—abundance of refreshment to take, a nice, sociable evening with a select few who appreciate them, and whom they appreciate highly.

*Eh, bien!* (imagine a French shrug of the shoulders) take your happy new year in one day—throw all the happiness of a year into a fraction of twenty-four hours, if you wish,—but that is not what we mean by a Happy New Year. We do mean that we wish you all these pleasant family scenes—a good dinner, an agreeable re-union of friends, and a good time generally,—going to bed betimes with a good conscience, and getting up with no headache next morning,—but that is only a specimen of what we wish you all the year round, when we say a Happy New Year to you all, Dear Readers!

Now, we remember well the days of our youth, and although we utterly and repugnantly disclaim the sentiment of the song which runneth thus: "I wish I were a boy again," yet do we sympathize immensely with those who have the misfortune to be boys. The only real consoling thought we can now think of to suggest to them is, that every day tends to put an end to this misfortune; and if they only stick on and brave it out undauntedly, by and by they will no longer be boys to be snubbed by their sisters, and crowded over by seniors—soon a happy day will come for them, when they can throw the multiplication table to the dogs, discard grammar, use rhetoric which will come "by instinct," raise a moustache, and choose the style of their necktie without consulting the taste of an elderbrother, or fearing the criticising eye and jesting tongue of a sister just ready to "come out."

As we write, we know that many of the Seniors are doing their best to have a good time at the tail end of the old year, that the Juniors in crowds have sought the paternal roof, and that many Minims have gone to patroize their own domestic Santa Claus for a plentiful supply of candy. We know also, for we saw them at it, that those who remain in the college are intent on having a high time during this week, and no doubt this very paper contains elsewhere an account of their doings.

Putting this and that together, and drawing the inferentials, we might conclude that it is a work of supererogation to wish them—our chief readers—a Happy New Year; for with such resources within them, and from without, they bid fair to have a happy year whether we wish it them or not—especially the Juniors—who are, as far as we can judge, the smartest, politest, harum skarum lot of sev-

eral hundred zealous, earnest students that were ever collected in the Western Study Hall.

And yet, the Juniors will appreciate our good wishes: they are quick, not to say fast, and will readily comprehend that we do not wish by any means to be a boy again, simply because we can't; they see through it at once, that we would jump at it, if we only could be a careless, studious, stubborn, obedient boy as they now are. And consequently, as they see through us, and it is of no use for us to try to deceive them, we wish them the happiest kind of a year in 1871, and, what is more, we are sure they will have it. Have it? Of course they will! With their splendid Hall, with its birds and flowers and pictures,—their singers and musicians—their performers on piano and violin, and other instruments, that would remind you of Nebuchodonozor's concert, where was heard the sound of the trumpet, the flute, and the harp, of the sackbut, and the psalter, of the symphony, and of all kinds of music,—their musical soirees,—their *seances academiques*, with debates and orations, and their whole-soul President presiding over them in the St. Cecilia Society; their zealous, go-ahead, chief prefect, ever attentive to every thing that can encourage and enliven them, their golden-hearted professors that take delight in expanding such bright and docile minds—how could they fail to have a Happy New Year? Ah, doc! they may not all be goody boys; but we verily believe that they are all real boys, who will make the real men of these States, whether United or not, by the time they grow up to man's estate, and if then the States be United, these boys, then men, will be the ones, with their sound principles, solid sense, and good education, who will perpetuate the Union. So, once again, A Happy New Year to the Juniors!

And the Minims! why! have they not their prefect and teacher who watch over them with a jealous eye? We should like to see the one who could—even if he had the heart, or want of heart, to try to—impose with impunity on those merry Minims! And may be you think they cannot, when put to it, take care of themselves. Try them if you dare! Eddy and Charlie and Johnnie, and a whole lot of others would soon bring you to a sense of your inability in particular, and of the hollowness of human expectations in general. And where, they can triumphantly ask—where can be found a Roland for their Oliver? Have they not also Father General who, with all the care of his communities both here and in Europe, keeps the warmest corner of his large heart for his "Dear little Minims? We feel much confidence, therefore, in the realization of our wishes when to the Minims we say "A Happy New Year!"

To the grave and reverend Seniors, those earnest workers, those *piocheurs* who dig deep into science, not content with skimming the surface—we wish them A Happy New Year, with plenty of hard study, great success in all they undertake, a steady march up the hill of science—we think that is the proper thing to say—a steady march up the hill of science, and, having attained the summit, may they plant their flag firmly, entrench themselves securely, and, until the end of their useful life, continue to strengthen their position by unwearied attention to the interests of science!

We rejoice to see that their Study Hall, through the energetic exertions of their chief prefect, seconded by all the prefects of the Senior Department, is fast putting on as cheerful an appearance as the much-famed Western Study Hall. That is right. Make things cheerful! away with long faces, and huzza for a Happy New Year!

To the learned and zealous Professors, to our numerous friends, especially to the "Old Boys" now fighting life's battles in the world, we wish a happy new Year, and that 1871, happy and prosperous, may be the model of many succeeding years!

## "Est Modus in Rebus."

## "AVOID EXTREMES."

Whether we admit or not that the Roman poet realized the full extent of wisdom comprised in the expression above cited, one thing is certain, it is a wise saying and capable of application in all the affairs of life. Indeed, it is by the application of this rule, if we may so term it, that we attain the highest degree of natural perfection in the conduct of life's affairs, and most thoroughly and securely accomplish our destiny as rational and social beings, destined for a higher and happier life hereafter.

Taking this most elevated view of man, we observe that his destiny is two-fold—ETERNAL and TEMPORAL; his eternal destiny depending for its attainment chiefly on the fulfilment of his special duties towards God, and his temporal destiny depending, for its attainment, on the discharge of his special duties towards his fellow-men, or society. Man's obligation to learn and fulfil his duties towards God, we denominate his religious obligation, and he fulfils this obligation by the aid of his intelligence and of the spiritual faculties of his soul. His obligation to learn and discharge his duties towards his fellow-men, we call his social obligation, and this he fulfils by the aid of his intelligence and of the social faculties. However, the exercise of both of these sets of faculties should be regulated by reason and conscience, in order that they may lead to a proper fulfilment of man's double obligation.

Here let me remark, that man's eternal destiny is the primary object of his being, and hence, the discharge of his duty towards God should be the chief purpose of his life, while his temporal or social destiny, though important on account of its relation to the eternal, is still but as a means to an end rather than a distinct end itself. It is a real destiny, fixed by the Creator, but yet not final. From this we would conclude that, while a neglect of our duty towards God entails a loss of our chief end—eternal life—the consequences of a similar neglect of our social duties, provided such neglect did not induce a violation of our duty towards God would be temporal, and therefore of less importance.

But though our social destiny is comparatively much less important, so long as we live amongst men we cannot free ourselves from the obligation of discharging the duties which it imposes. The great difficulty which we have to encounter, is to reconcile, in practice, these two classes of duties. We know they both exist, and for a wise and beneficent purpose; we know also that we have received from our Creator faculties which qualify us to discharge them properly, and moreover, that the moral and intellectual exercise involved in the performance of these duties, is necessary to a harmonious development of our being, as men; and while we are in the body, we should be men.

But were we to devote ourselves exclusively to the contemplation of eternal things, to the neglect of our social relations, we should be too much of the angel and not enough of the human—true, our fault, so far as a fault is implied, would, in such a case, be on the right side, and would promote our eternal interests, provided always that our neglect, in a social point of view, did not involve a violation of our duty towards God, still we would not be men in the true sense of the word.

On the other hand, should we devote ourselves exclusively to the study and discharge of our social obligations, neglecting our religious duties and the destiny to which they lead, our mistake would indeed be a grave one, involving the loss of our final end. We would, in effect, be substituting the means for the end, the temporal for the eternal. In a word, we would be too much of the human, and not enough of the angel, and thus fail in the chief business of life.



We should, then, be men while we live amongst men, and avoid both these extremes, discharging our immediate duty towards God faithfully, as the chief means of attaining our final end; at the same time recognizing our social relations and fulfilling them, because they are a part of our destiny, yet remembering that they are secondary and only a means to an end, in consequence of which fact, the fulfilment of these relations should be directed to the end which they were intended to subserve, viz., the attainment of our eternal destiny. Thus will we apply properly, in this particular, the saying of the poet, "*Est Modus in Rebus.*"

### Here and There.

SLEIGH-RIDING is "all the go," and the merry "rhyming and the chiming of bells" bring back our younger days.

THE lakes have finally yielded to the powers of winter, and allow the lovers of good skating to glide over their glassy surface without a murmur.

THE WEATHER has finally convinced us that winter is one of the seasons in this latitude. On the 24th inst., the thermometer stood 14 degrees below zero.

THE College Commissioner has been busy for the last week giving sleigh-rides, between South Bend and Notre Dame, to the numerous Christmas boxes sent by thoughtful friends to the students.

JACK FROST has been "playing smash" with the steam pipes, and so fierce and persistent were his attacks that several professors had to beat a retreat, and fly for refuge to various quarters yet unvisited by the ravaging Philo-buster.

A LARGE delegation from Notre Dame and St. Mary's manifested their sense of the aesthetic by going to Chicago to hear the world-renowned vocalist, Mlle Nilsson, and since their return, their praises of her singing have been quite enthusiastic.

THE earnest students of Moral Philosophy continued, during the holidays, to attend class two hours daily, notwithstanding the general suspension of studies. Considering that this continuance of class was at their own request, we can only say that such love of study betokens real talent, and deserves success.

THE Band has clearly proved that it can contribute its full share to enjoyment, and that it can enjoy its full share of a contribution of oysters and accessories, whenever the steward can find time to think of them. In a word, the Band had an oyster lunch on Monday, at 4 p. m., and afterwards played some of their excellent music for the benefit of all.

WE paid one of our periodical visits to the Studio of Art, this week, and were much pleased to notice that, in addition to its usual tasty appearance, several new specimens of art have found their way into this delightful sanctum. Among these we would mention specially a life-sized bust, in plaster, beautifully finished, of the Apollo Belvidere, presented by Rev. Father Lemonnier.

THE "St. Eds." continue to manifest their progressive spirit, in carrying out in all particulars, the object of their Association. A late visit to their Literary room convinces us that they are by no means deficient in taste, if we may judge by the well selected and artistically arranged pictures and busts which adorn its walls. Long may they flourish under the direction of their present able and devoted President, Rev. Father Lemonnier.

AN Indiana journal is trying to promote pedestrian exercise among the students of the state by urging the law to prohibit the sale of liquor within three miles of any institution of learning.

### The Past, Present and Future.

The earth has almost finished another course, around the celestial centre. A few more days and the sun sets forever on the year 1870. Thousands of years have elapsed since the almighty Architect, by a single act of His omnipotent will, created this globe, and marked out the path through which it would revolve, till it would be swallowed up in eternity. And as it performs its annual revolution it approaches nearer and nearer to that period, which is marked neither with a beginning nor an end. Ere the sun sets for the last time, on the year that is now flickering in the throes of death; ere the cold, rude blasts of December sweep it into the realms of eternity; ere it sinks beneath the hopes, the joys and the fears of humanity, let us take a long, though a sad and sorrowful, view of the past.

The past year—what recollections are associated with it! How fondly does the memory love to go back and linger upon the joys that have fled with time; and with what sadness is the heart oppressed, when we call to mind that many who shared our joys, have passed with time into eternity. To scrutinize the past, would indeed be a painful task; were it not that even the most depraved can contemplate with pleasure one good deed performed, one kind word uttered, one virtuous thought harbored, which appears beautiful as lilies, midst the thorns and brambles, which we planted in our pathway during the past year. How childish were we, when we permitted anger to dethrone reason; when we allowed envy to steal into the heart; when we suffered the tongue to utter a sharp cutting word. What would we give if we could only erase from the mind the recollection of the passion that agitated the soul, when furious anger drove calm reason from his throne. Oh! what a pleasure if we could only blot from the memory of a friend or companion the bitter reproaches with which we loaded him. How humiliating the thought, when we reflect that the heart, which should beat in unison with love, charity and affection, was steeled with venomous envy, at the prosperity of a brother. What shame mantles the cheek, and regret pierces the heart, when we call to mind the sharp, biting, uncharitable remarks that escaped from our lips. How great, yet how unavailing is our sorrow, when we realize the sad fact that some, whose feelings we have wounded, are now sleeping quietly in the cold earth, unmindful of the injuries we inflicted. What pleasures would we forego, could we only unsay the little taunts, slights and criticisms, which were sometimes uttered through thoughtlessness; sometimes through spite; sometimes through malice. But the old year carries with him, not only the regrets, that fill the mind, caused by the recollection of his departure, but also the hopes, the fears, the low designs, and the lofty aspirations that were conceived, born and nurtured from the beginning of his reign to the present. Every second of his life has been marked by the thoughts and deeds of humanity; there grouped, side by side, are lofty aspirations and mean desires; the brilliant virtues of the good, and the glaring vices of the wicked; the simple prayer of the innocent, and the horrid blasphemy of the depraved; the noble actions of the lowly, and the selfish deeds of the great; the plans of the peasant to procure bread for his family, and the schemes of the monarch to enlarge his territory. There too the dying year is carrying the tale into eternity, how man's unbridled ambition desolated provinces with fire and sword; how peaceful homes and smiling harvests were destroyed and laid waste. He carries with him the piercing shrieks and heart-broken sobs; the wild lamentations and the subdued sighs, caused by man's injustice to man. He has beheld stalking forth in mid-day, prowling through night, stretching forth his cold and clammy hands; now embracing the king in his palace, then

wrestling with the beggar in his hovel; making no distinction between rosy youth and wrinkled age; ignorance and erudition, prince and pauper, saint and sinner, master and slave, all alike obeyed his summons. He bears with him the repentance of man for his evil deeds and his endeavors to avoid evil and acquire virtue. Nor does he forget to carry with him the self-sacrificing deeds of those who have relinquished all, that they might gain all.

But as our regrets cannot stay for a single instant the onward progress of the departing year, yet, ere his place is filled by another, we may learn a lesson from the past, from which we can derive profit for the present. Our former mistakes cannot be rectified; yet they may serve to prevent us from falling into graver errors, and thus in a measure become blessings. The good deeds of others can serve as models for the present, and thereby enable us to attain the glorious end, for which we were endowed with reason. Our failures and the success of others are means, if properly used, by which we can make our lives happy. Let the past errors stand out as rocks, which obstruct the streams and channels through which we must glide, ere we launch out on the tempestuous ocean of life, and, like the skilful mariner, let us mark each treacherous rock and snag and eddy with some brilliant virtue, which, when placed in contrast with the snare, will serve to exhibit it in all its hideous deformity. Of what practical use are all the glorious deeds that emblazon the pages of history, if we do not learn a lesson from them? Why record in glowing language the glorious results of industry and perseverance, if we permit cankerous sloth to corrode our mind? Why hold up to us the picture of self-sacrificing saints, if we cast the head aside to study how we may best acquire ease and luxury? The good deeds of the past are not mere ornaments to be admired during hours of leisure; they are the works of earnest men, standing out in bold relief for the instruction of posterity. The mind may be troubled with cares, and the heart wounded with grief, still the present will not stay its onward course, till the one is banished and the other healed. We must remember that it is the lot of all to suffer, and it is therefore unmanly in us to complain when troubles overtake us. If we suffer little disappointments, others have borne greater ones. No wound is so painful that it cannot be assuaged; no loss is so great that it cannot be retrieved. Do we repine for the loss of temporal goods? Industry will replace them. Do we regret the misspent past? Determined application will make amends. Do we grieve over the loss of a cherished friend or loved parent, who now slumbers in the cold, silent grave, a firm belief in the beautiful faith of the Communion of Saints, will enable us to hold sweet commune with their spirits in the blissful mansions beyond the skies. Ah! let us remember that if there were no troubles earth would be a paradise; but to reach paradise we must pass from the present to the Future.

The future! Who can penetrate the dark clouds with which it is covered? What intellectual giant can pull asunder the bars and tear down the mighty bulwarks that separate the future from the present? Who can lay bare the secrets of the future, and exhibit them to the wondering gaze of man? The future, locked up in the bosom of the Almighty, cannot be pierced by the intellect of man. It is permitted us to use the examples of the past, for the present, that they may avail us in the future. Although we cannot tread the dark, circuitous paths of the future, we may hope that our good deeds will shed light where the clouds are thickest, and that our abhorrence of sin, and love of virtue, will smooth that rough and thorny way.

May your brightest anticipations for the future be realized; may your paths in the future be strewn with the flowers of prosperity; and if perchance the thorns of adversity lacerate, may you possess the fortitude to bear up under the wound.

May the coming year find all nations enjoying the blessings of peace. May the storms, which agitate the sea of popular passion, now roaring and lashing in its vain efforts to swallow the Bark of Peter, be lulled, and may the new year find the ocean calm, the storm spent and the bark buoyant as ever, riding over the waves. We know hell may go mad with fury, the world may become a Sodom, the earth may refuse to bring forth fruit, and the sun may hide his face; still the Bark of Peter will ride gallantly over the storms and hurricanes, and may we, one and all, be numbered among those whom she lands in safety at the port of Eternal Bliss.

S. J.

### Tables of Honor.

#### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

December 16th—J. Zahm, J. Shannahan, J. Loranger, J. Keely, J. P. Kane, J. McGinnity, M. Spellacy, E. B. Gambee, C. Weld, O. Melarky.

#### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

December 16th—C. Dodge, H. Ely, L. Ely, M. C. Hunter, M. Moriarty, D. McGinnis, B. Roberts, C. Lenhart, E. Newton, E. Marshall, E. Kaiser.

M. A. J. B., Sec.

### Turning the Tables.

#### A WIFE'S STRATAGEM.

"Mary, your corn-bread is never done! I wonder what is the reason everybody else has things right, and we always have things wrong!"

"Why, Joe, I am sure the corn-bread has never been in this state before! You see, the 'fire had a fit,' and couldn't be made to burn this morning."

"Oh, yes! you are always ready with an excuse. Now, there is Mrs. Smith; her stove never has fits. And she always has the lightest, sweetest bread and the nicest cakes and preserves I ever ate. I wish you'd take pattern by her."

"Well, I am sure, Joe, I do my best, and I think I succeed oftener than I fail. I wish I could suit you always; but that, I suppose, can hardly be expected," and Mary gave a weary sigh.

Mary Starr had been married about a year, during which time she had found house-keeping rather up-hill work. She was a neat little body, and conscientiously did her very best to please her husband; but he, whatever might be the reason, was very hard to please—in fact, seemed determined not to be pleased with anything she did. Perhaps, like the old soldier in Dickens' stories, he had a vital and constant sense that "discipline must be maintained." At any rate, he never allowed Mary to be pleased with herself on any occasion if he could help it.

Mary was an amiable wife, fortunately, and not easily irritated, though, to tell the truth, there were times when her forbearance was severely tried. For instance, whenever she and Joe took tea out, or went to a party, or even to church, he seldom allowed the opportunity to pass unembraced to animadvert on some deficiency in cookery, or manners, or dress, on the part of his wife,—and that *pro bono publico*. For instance it would be:

"Mrs. Jones, what beautiful sponge-cake you make! Mary take notice how light this cake is. I wonder why you never can have it so puffy!" Or, "Mrs. Brown you certainly are an adept at entertaining company. I wish, Mary, that you would try steal Mrs. Brown's art." Or, "Mrs. Green, your dress is always most becoming. Your taste is exquisite. I don't see how it is, Mary, that with all I spend for you, you never can reach the '*je ne sais quoi*' of Mrs. Green."

On these occasions Mary would blush and bite her lip, and be inwardly annoyed, but she was a woman of too much pride and good sense to make a display of her chagrin; and was really too good-

natured and Christian a person to let it change her feelings towards Joe, whom she knew to be, after all, very fond of her, and a very just man at heart. After a while, too, seeing that the fault was probably curable, she bethought herself how she should proceed to break him of his disagreeable habit.

Fortune favored her. One day a lady, one of her most valued friends and best neighbors, called to invite Joe and Mary to a tea-party at her house.

"It will be a small affair," she said, "but very pleasant, I think. You only are wanting to make the circle of harmony complete."

"Well," said Mary, "I will come, Mrs. Vane, on one condition."

"Condition! Is it come to this, that you must make conditions? Well, my dear, make your demand."

"The condition is," said Mary, "that you will allow me to furnish all the refreshments."

"Well, that is an odd idea! Mary, my dear, I hope you don't mean to insinuate that I am getting poor!"

"No, Hattie, thank fortune, she has showered her favors on you quite liberally. But I have a notion for this, which, if you please, I will not divulge; only let me have my way this once, just for the oddity of the thing."

"If anybody but you, Mary, had made such a request of me, I certainly should have taken offence. But I never could be angry with you. So if it will be any satisfaction to you—though for the life of me I can't imagine what your drift is—I will comply with your conditions. When may I expect my supplies?"

"Let me see; to-morrow is my baking day, and your party is not before Thursday. Well, on Wednesday afternoon you shall be supplied with bread, biscuit, cake, and all the other accessories; and mind, the only thing I allow you to furnish is butter, which I do not make."

"Very well, it's all settled, then, and I will leave you. On the whole, this arrangement suits me; it relieves me of a great responsibility, for your cookery is well known to be particularly nice. So good-bye till Thursday."

"Mind you say nothing about this, Hattie, to anyone; it is a secret of mine."

"Very well, as you say, I'll keep mum. Good-bye, again, for you will have your hands full, and I must not interrupt you."

So off Mrs. Vane went, inwardly wondering what crochet demure little Mary had got into her steady little head.

Everything came off on that baking-day precisely as Mary could have wished it. Her bread was light and sweet, and white as a snow-flake, with just a golden-brown line of crust surrounding it; her cakes were perfection; her biscuits, crisp and delicious. Then she knew that her preserved fruits were nice; and if ever there was sponge-cake more like solidified froth, she would like to see it. Everything was sent into Mrs. Vane on Wednesday afternoon, and she had all Thursday to devote to her dress.

Mary looked very pretty that night at the tea-party, for her eyes shone with a purpose, and she had just excitement enough to redden her cheeks in a very becoming manner. Add to this that she was dressed with neatness and taste, and you will not be unwilling to believe me when I say that she was quite the *belle* of the occasion. Joe evidently thought so himself; for, strange to say, he made no remarks upon her appearance that night, calculated to lower her self-esteem; but contrariwise, gazed at her from time to time with the most profound satisfaction.

But "murder will out." It came out on this occasion, when they sat down to supper. Everyone was delighted; there had not been such an unexceptionable "tea" in that neighborhood for a long time. Country people are very fond of their

"teas;" they compare one with another with admirable connoisseurship. This one was a triumph.

"Mrs. Vane, you are the perfection of bread-makers. Your biscuits are quite beautiful. Were ever such made before! How do you manage it, Mrs. Vane? What lovely sponge-cake!"

Mrs. Vane and Mary occasionally changed glances and smiled, but nobody noticed it.

Joe had been behaving so beautifully all the evening that Mary began to be afraid her plans had failed. He came out now, however, greatly to Mary's satisfaction.

"This is a feast, indeed," he said. "A fellow is fortunate who has a wife that can make such bread as this, to say nothing of the sponge-cake; I can't see why it is, Mary; you improve, it is true, I will give you credit for that; but I don't see how it is that all women cannot have the knack that Mrs. Vane has, at cooking to perfection. If you could make such bread as this, Mary, your husband would be a happy man."

Mrs. Vane looked at Mary, and Mary looked at Mrs. Vane. Light had broken upon the mind of the latter. It broke like a flash of lightning, and then there was an explosion—not of thunder, but of laughter.

Joe looked up, amazed. He was a man who petted his dignity enormously. What did the women mean to laugh so at a sober, sensible remark of his? Particularly, what could Mary mean, to so trifle with the respect she owed to her husband?

He began to grow very red, indeed. Mrs. Vane saw it, presently, and came to his and Mary's relief; for poor Mary had begun to be a little frightened at the success of her own scheme. She did not like Joe to be angry, at any rate.

"Mr. Starr," said Mrs. Vane, "I am truly glad that you like this very excellent cookery, for it is all your wife's. By your own showing you ought to be a very happy man."

Here the whole company caught the infection, and joined in the laugh against Joe. It was of no use to get angry with so many people; so, before long, Joe joined the chorus himself.

And so the tea-party broke up with the greatest good-nature all round, and Joe went home with a lesson he never forgot; for it was the last time that Mary ever heard any complaints from him. He is now the most easily pleased of any husband in ten miles round.—*Phren. Jour.*

MR. EDITOR:—In your last issue, the Minims were accused of upsetting a delf-car, thereby causing damages to the amount of \$50! So says the appraiser. One fifth of that amount would be nearer the mark. Now, I say the Minims were not to blame. They were on time, as they always are, at half-past three, when the train due west came along with tremendous speed (and, consequently, out of time) and ran into said Minims, causing the upset of the former. Hence the damages. You may ask why were the Minims on the track? They have *business* there, at that particular time, and at no other time during the day.

It is to be hoped in future, dear SCHOLASTIC, that you will not allow anything detrimental to the Minims to be inserted in your columns before hearing their side of the story.

#### A FRIEND OF MINIMS.

[We make the *amende honorable* to our dear friends, the Minims, by inserting the above disclaimer. We would by no means incur their displeasure, knowingly, and, as it seems we have in a measure displeased them by narrating one of their most glorious exploits, as it was reported to us, we insert their own version—strictly veracious, and a wee bit pugnacious—at the very first opportunity.]

THE Danbury News says that the reason school-boys delight to dig and explore caves, is because of the recesses there.

## Christmas Holidays.

A very interesting entertainment was given on Friday evening, by the students who remained at the college during the holidays. But, as our reporter has not furnished us with particulars, we will have to be content, for the present, with a mere reproduction of the programme, hoping that a full account will be furnished for the next number of the SCHOLASTIC.

### PROGRAMME.

#### Greetings to Very Rev. Father General.

Senior Address.....J. Zahm  
Junior Address.....M. C. Hunter  
Minim Address.....Willie Byrnes

### DRAMATIC.

#### The White Horse of the Peppers.

Col. Chesham.....M. Spellacy  
Major Hans Mansfeldt.....D. Evans  
Darby Donohue.....J. Wilson  
Philom.....R. Brown  
Portreeve.....G. Darr  
Gerald Pepper.....T. Dillon  
Rafferty.....J. O'Rourke  
Old Pepper.....A. Riopelle  
Bryan.....G. Riopelle  
Dillon.....  
Servants.....{ J. Zimmer  
C. Weid

During the entire progress of the entertainment, the band furnished some excellent music. All engaged did very well, and all the audience enjoyed the entertainment immensely.

## Vox Naturæ.

### A JUVENILE EFFORT.

Long years ago, a mania seized the brain  
Of mortal men, and overset the throne  
Of reason and religious sentiment,  
Which long had exercised their influence  
Upon the thoughts and actions of mankind,  
And raised the standard of a youthful prince  
Who, in the heat of inexperienced youth,  
Proclaimed th' eternal being of the mind,  
And fain would disabuse deluded man,  
Of that "strange notion" which he entertained,  
Of only one supreme, eternal, Being,  
Who by His power created heaven and earth,  
And all the countless planets that in space  
Perform their evolutions at his nod.  
Vain men, enamored of their youthful lord,  
Fawned on him, and in blind obedience bowed  
To his command, and sallied forth to gain  
The favor of "Dame Nature" to their cause.  
First, on the wings, which their young prince supplied,  
They soared above the canopy of heaven,  
And strove, (as would some conquest-seeking king  
Among the subjects of a hostile power)  
To raise a mutiny among the stars,  
That with the aid of this unnumbered host  
They might advance in confidence to gain  
The ready and unhesitating aid,  
Of those two sovereigns of the ethereal world,  
Whose benefits unbounded e'en extend  
To this terrestrial planet where we live.  
But, unsuccessful was their vain attempt  
To cause those brilliant gems of liquid space  
To join unholy contest 'gainst the Being  
Who them supports in their most giddy height,  
And lets them gambol freely through the air.  
With laughing eyes upon those men they gaze,  
And in their gaze was mingled deep contempt,  
With one accord they bid them seek elsewhere  
For proofs against the eternal God Supreme.  
Desponding, then, yet not o'ercome, these "fools  
Who said within their hearts there is no God,"  
Advancing, then presented to the moon  
And asked how was it possible that she,  
Whose silvery light rejoiced all living things,  
Could be so foolish as to still maintain  
That there was One before all time supreme,  
Who had created her with all her grace,

Of which He could deprive her at His will.  
But they were far mistaken when they thought  
That in the weakness of her sex they'd find  
A ready acquiescence to their wish.  
For on the brow of this fair "queen of night"  
A cloud of growing indignation hung,  
While in a clear yet scornful voice she said:  
"Go foolish mortals; bow your haughty heads,  
And pay due adoration to that God  
Whose bounteous hand existence has bestowed  
On you who now seek to destroy His name."  
Abashed by this reproach so justly keen,  
They, sad, departed from the silvery queen,  
And went to pay their court to him whose sway  
Is noted for beneficence to all—  
Whose very aspect speaks of something grand  
And constitutes him ruler of the day.  
Approaching him they lowly bent their heads  
And thus addressed him: "Glorious prince of light,  
Our minds are troubled with most serious doubt  
In the existence of a God supreme,  
And knowing that thou dost the heavens survey,  
We come from distant land to learn thy mind."  
"Know, then," replied the monarch of the skies,  
"There is a God beneficent and kind,  
Whose mighty word these countess worlds has called  
Into existence, and whose holy hand  
Has placed me thus conspicuous in the skies,  
That I His boundless blessings may dispense  
To all creation 'round, and all remind,  
By my great glory, of that God who gave  
This magnitude and lustre to my form."  
Disheartened by this answer, from the sun  
They sadly take their way, to earth return,  
To give account to their impatient prince  
Of their grand expedition to the skies,  
Who, when he heard the failure of his scheme,  
Grew more impatient, and an order gave  
To search the earth for what the heavens refused.  
Then into distant parts his minions roam  
And search amid the ruins of all time  
For proof against the truth of him who said:  
"There is a sovereign God, who from the first  
Created heaven and earth, and land and sea,  
And every form of life that in them moves."  
But vain their search, for every parchment spoke,  
And every hieroglyphic raised its voice,  
And all the numerous languages of earth  
In clusters hung upon a common stem,  
And all with one accord did loud proclaim:  
"There is a God supreme, as Moses tells."  
Foiled in their search, these foolish men return  
And lay before their prince a sad detail  
Of all their search, and of its ill success;  
Who, hearing, ordered them to leave the day  
And penetrate the caverns of the earth  
To see what hope might still be lurking there.  
At his command they level mountains high,  
And soon lay bare the bowels of the earth,  
And hope within their hearts begins to live.  
But hush! they pause; for lo a hollow voice  
As from the Pythean cave strikes on their ear,  
And nature seems convulsed with sudden dread.  
But soon her terror sinks in nature's breast,  
For that harsh voice has now become more calm,  
And forming to distinctness, thus it speaks:  
"Desist, poor fools, from this your impious task,  
To prove the falsehood of a Prophet's tale,  
Whose pen was guided by that mighty hand,  
Which, in creating, showed its boundless power."  
These words took wings and flew through boundless  
space,  
And reached the ears of this new prince of men  
Who sat in silence, waiting the return  
Of his dependents from their useless search.  
At their approach he rose and thus began:  
"My youth is gone; my childish fancies fled;  
My sober reason now resumes her seat,  
And while my name is Science do I swear  
Eternal friendship to that sacred page  
Which tells of God, Creation, and the Flood.  
From this time forth my only joy shall be  
To illustrate its truth, sublimity.  
Go, then, and search, but in a better cause,  
And bow in adoration to that Power  
Which I acknowledge from this very hour.

THE difference between a bouquet of flowers and the "bouquet" of wine is that one makes a nousegay and the other a gay nose.

## Law Department.

### INTERESTING EXERCISES.

By virtue of an invitation, in company with the President, Vice-President, Prof. T. E. Howard, and other members of the Faculty of the University, I had the pleasure of being present, a few days ago, at some very interesting exercises given by the students of the law class. Judging from what I heard and saw, as well as from the warm approbation and earnest interest manifested by the Rev. President, under whose auspices this important branch of studies has been inaugurated at Notre Dame, I am satisfied that this class is making solid progress in acquiring a knowledge of what I hold to be the highest and noblest of human sciences. The establishment of the Law Department is due to the perseverance and energy which have characterized the long and popular administration of Father Corby.  
If I were to give way to my enthusiastic admiration of the rapid progress and the wonderful growth of this University, I would fill your paper; but want of space, and the purpose of carrying out other intentions, compel me to "come to time" and say a few words about the students, whose high intellectual entertainment gave us all so much pleasure and satisfaction.

To begin, then, I can say that I never listened to anything superior to the production of Mr. A. W. Arrington, A. B., on the "Feudal System." The subject was clearly, thoughtfully, and most interestingly presented throughout. Besides being an excellent student, Mr. Arrington is blessed with an admirable mind, and knows how to make himself master of what he studies.

Mr. J. D. Evans treated the question of "Bailments" in a thorough manner. His view of the different divisions of the subject struck me as being both original and logical. He certainly thinks for himself, and I can't help remarking that Mr. Evans, in my opinion, possesses a logical mind, an independence of thought, and a manly gracefulness of delivery that will make him a distinguished and successful lawyer. The President paid him a special compliment at the close of the exercises. He deserved it well.

Mr. J. A. O'Reilly, A. B., of the class of '69, gave such a beautiful dissertation on the "Criminal Law" that he would almost put one in love with that branch of legal science. Mr. O'Reilly is a fine classical scholar, and whosoever heard or read his speech at the last June Commencement would necessarily expect a literary as well as an intellectual treat from his pen. He takes a noble and exalted view of the law, and presents his views of it in a beautiful and forcible style.

The conclusion which I came to from the proceedings on this occasion, in the law class, is that the students are trained more to original thinking and intelligent study of the subject than to mere plodding of memory.

Professor Foote has charge of this department, and I think his system of instruction is admirable. He is highly popular with his class, if one may judge from the compliments paid to him by his students, and especially by the flattering terms in which Mr. Evans spoke of him before the audience. I know the Professor personally, and I believe the eulogy of Mr. Evans would be indorsed by every student in the University. He works with the most hearty and living interest for the progress and success of his students, and I, for one, say that he may feel satisfied with the results of his unceasing labors. I would suggest the idea of his having a larger law library at his disposal; but I suppose this, like all things else, will come with time.

### INVITATUS.

A LONDON druggist has this cheerful invitation in his shop window. "Come in and get twelve emetics for one shilling."

## SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

DECEMBER 27, 1870.

Christmas, with its holy delights and social enjoyments, has passed, leaving on Christian hearts an increased sense of gratitude to God, and deepened affection between those whose reciprocal kindnesses have helped to make this sublunary world of ours more bright and beautiful.

Christmas, the sweet festival of children, renewing, even in mature minds, a childlike gaiety, positively refreshing to those, who, fettered by weighty responsibilities and corroding cares, had almost forgotten the halcyon days when their hearts bounded with joy at the very mention of a Christmas holiday.

The pupils at St. Mary's have, for several weeks, been arranging their Christmas' program. A great number were to spend the holidays at their own homes. These were all eagerness for the day of their departure for "Home, sweet home." While for those who remained at the Academy, the Sisters determined to make St. Mary's as much like home as any place could be, outside of that dear spot, where the smiles of a devoted father and tender mother, cast a halo around the domestic circle.

Wednesday, the 21st, was the day on which the homeward-bound crowd was to start for Chicago. An extra train had been secured for the transit of the pupils of Notre Dame and St. Mary's. The young ladies, after an early breakfast, started, at six, A. M., under the protection of two Sisters, for the depot at South Bend. The weather was so intensely cold that nothing less than the pleasurable excitement of going home could have made the sleigh-ride endurable.

The merry girls tried to laugh down the attempts of King Frost to freeze them into silence. "Oh dear!" exclaimed one "if I only had a musquitto bar and fan I would be perfectly comfortable!"

"Well," said another, "I suppose this is the cold, pitiless world that we read about!"

"Oh, St. Mary's steam-pipes, how I do love you!" apostrophised a third.

But their efforts to make sport of the cutting responses of King Frost were fruitless, and presently their words were frozen on their lips, and nothing could be heard but a shivering, inarticulate murmur of submission.

On arriving at South Bend, these frozen specimens of youthful humanity were soon thawed out; and then the frozen, frost-bound words were uttered with a flow of eloquence quite wonderful to those unused to a recreation-hall at St. Mary's.

The regular train to Chicago being behind time, the extra was delayed for an hour and a half. In the meantime the impatient crowd were criticising the weather—pronouncing it *cruelly cold*, comparing notes as to personal damage inflicted by the tyrant, King Frost, on ears, noses, fingers, and toes!

Presently the shrill whistle gave the welcome signal, and the special train, freighted with hopeful, joyous young people, full of great expectations, was on its way to the famous city of Chicago.

The young ladies had a car all to themselves, and soon the minor miseries of life were forgotten, and song after song, with interludes of jest and merry laughter, wiled away the hours, till the gay party were softly landed in the grand depot.

Then the Sisters handed over their precious charges to the delighted parents and friends who were waiting to receive them. Here let us remark that the polite, decorous deportment of such a number of young people, even while under the excitement and outburst of buoyant mirth natural to so joyous an occasion, was highly honorable to themselves, and reflected much credit on the two institutions of which they are exemplary and promising members.

Let us now return to dear St. Mary's. On Christmas eve, classes were suspended, that all might prepare for the grand spiritual and delightful social festival.

By special permission of the Holy Father, all persons within the precincts of Notre Dame and St. Mary's, who were prepared, were permitted to receive Holy Communion at the midnight Mass. Many were the fervent acts of gratitude to God for so signal a favor, and tender supplications were offered for our loved—our now suffering Pontiff, Pius Ninth, through whose paternal kindness we were thus provided.

Our poor little chapel had been gracefully decorated by the devout children of Mary with evergreens. The sanctuary was brilliantly illuminated. The angelic strains of the "*Gloria in Excelsis*" and sweet Christmas hymn, "*Adeste Fideles*," sung by the convent choir, excited in all hearts a tender devotion to the dear Infant Jesus, and none who assisted at that midnight Mass, but felt that Jesus, the sweet child Jesus, was to them truly a Saviour—a most loving, divine benefactor.

Very Rev. Father General celebrated the Mass. At the Gospel, with words replete with tender devotion, he congratulated the worshippers of the Infant Jesus on their happiness in thus celebrating the birth of the Son of God in union with the Immaculate Mother, the holy St. Joseph, the choirs of angels and humble shepherds, who, with simple adoring faith, went, on that first Christmas night, to seek the Divine Child in the arms of His holy Mother.

After the midnight Mass, all retired to rest till six, A. M., at which hour, Rev. Father Letourneau commenced his Masses in the Convent Chapel.

At eight o'clock, the Community and pupils assisted at another High Mass celebrated by Rev. Father General. These holy duties over, the social greetings between Superiors, Sisters and pupils commenced, and "Merry Christmas" was heard on all sides. Then began the opening of Christmas boxes, sent by loved parents and friends to their dear ones at St. Mary's. It would certainly have made the hearts of the donors glad, could they have witnessed the delight with which the young people regarded these proofs of thoughtful, generous affection from the loved ones far away.

In the evening, Very Rev. Father General, and many of the Rev. clergy from Notre Dame honored the young ladies by their presence at the distribution of gifts from the mammoth Christmas tree erected in the Senior Study Hall. We were happy to see among the guests, the zealous missionary priest, Father Hays, of New Mexico; Mr. and Mrs. McKinnon, of Chicago; Mr. Harrison, of Tennessee; Mr. and Mrs. Howard. The hall was filled with happy faces glowing with animation. Santa Claus, with his *live* reindeer, drawing a sleigh laden with toys and good things, amused the audience with a Christmas carol.

In the distribution of gifts none were forgotten, for from the humblest employee about the premises up to Rev. Father General, Santa Claus had tokens of remembrance. It is true that this benevolent Geni seemed a little facetious in his selection of gifts, for now and then, much to the delight of the Juniors and Minims, some grave priest or learned member of the bar would receive a candy whistle, doll, or other infantile toy. Santa Claus seemed determined that all should come under the rule of childhood.

At the close of the distribution, Rev. Father General thanked the young ladies for the innocent recreation they had afforded him, and, as is his custom, invited them to always invite him to their delightful little festivals. He then called on lawyer McKinnon, Mr. Harrison and Professor Howard to address the young ladies. Each responded in words of kind encouragement, expressing their happiness in witnessing so much innocent joy, declaring that they felt rejuvenated by participating

in such a scene of childlike gaiety. Thus closed the happy Christmas of 1870. The only drawback to the entire satisfaction of all parties was the absence of our loved and venerated Mother Superior, who is occupied in Washington, superintending the foundation of a House of Industry for the suffering poor, that we were deprived of the happiness of having her here to receive the affectionate congratulations of her devoted children. Poor Santa Claus could scarcely restrain the tears as he mentioned her absence from a scene in which her loving maternal heart would have taken great pleasure. Though not present at the happy festival, she was prayerfully and fondly remembered by her dear children; and loving missives, freighted with kindest wishes, are bearing to dear absent Mother the congratulations of the season.

As it would be tedious to remain, during an entire week, totally unemployed, music and morning classes have been resumed since the 27th. The afternoons are devoted to fancy work, reading and recreation. A grand sleigh-ride is anticipated just as soon as the weather ceases to be extremely cold.

Now, friends, let us wish you a Happy New Year. And to the absent pupils of St. Mary's, we send much love, with a cordial remind, that classes commence on the 2nd of January, 1870.

Yours,

STYLUS.

**BOSTON'S FIRST ORGAN.**—The first church organ in Boston was put into King's chapel in 1718, but so great was the prejudice against it that for seven months it stood unpacked in the vestibule of the church. When it was put up, and its sounds were heard, it met with favor. It was related that one lady expressed her opinion of it by saying: "It's a pretty box of whistles, but an awful plaything for the Sabbath."

**THE PROVIDENCE JOURNAL** advises people to do without butter, or at least to use much less than they have been in the habit of doing. As for the girls, it says, if they only knew the ravages that butter makes upon their complexions, how it changes the lilies and roses of their cheeks to a "perfectly horrid," bilious yellow, and makes every one of them look five years older, they would as soon wear last year's bonnets as eat an ounce of the stuff.

**EXPERIMENT WITH AN ELEPHANT.**—A nice little boy in Pittsburg went to the circus the other day and tried to amuse himself by throwing stencils at the elephant while he was drinking. When he got through, the boy tried to propitiate him by offering him a piece of gingerbread. Before accepting the cake, the elephant emptied about 64 gallons of water, (beer measure), over the boy, and then slung him into the third tier to dry off. The boy is very indifferent about circuses now. He believes he doesn't care for them as much as he used to.

## L. S. &amp; M. S. RAILWAY.

## Winter Arrangement.

TRAINS now leave South Bend as follows:

## GOING EAST.

Leave South Bend	9 35 a. m.	Arrive at Buffalo	4 10 a. m.
" "	12 17 p. m.	" "	4 10 a. m.
" "	9 15 p. m.	" "	2 00 p. m.
" "	12 37 a. m.	" "	5 50 p. m.
Way Freight,	3 40 p. m.	" "	6 50 p. m.

## GOING WEST.

Leave South Bend	5 10 p. m.	Arrive at Chicago	8 20 p. m.
" "	3 08 a. m.	" "	6 50 a. m.
" "	5 07 a. m.	" "	8 20 a. m.
" "	6 31 p. m.	" "	10 10 p. m.
Way Freight,	9 35 a. m.	" "	9 50 p. m.

Making connection with all trains West and North.  
For full details, see the Company's posters and time tables at the depot and other public places.

Trains are run by Cleveland time, which is 15 minutes faster than South Bend time.

CHARLES F. HATCH, General Superintendent, Toledo.

C. P. LILLAND, General Passenger Agent, Toledo.

HIRAM BROWN, Agent, South Bend.

## CROSSING.

GOING NORTH—Express passenger, 4:20 a. m., and 7:30 p. m.  
Freight 4:05 p. m.  
GOING SOUTH—Express passenger, 11:13 a. m., and 6:20 p. m.  
Freight, 4:50 a. m.